



# THE HONGKONG TELEGRAPH, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1893.

**Entertainments.**

**DAKIN CRUCKS HANK & COMPANY, LIMITED.**

**VICTORIA DISPENSARY, HONGKONG.**

**WHISKIES.**

**LIQUEUR WHISKY (QUARE BOTTLE).**  
THIS is one of the finest Whiskies ever imported into China. With Aerated Water, or Hot Water and Sugar, it is simply delicious.—\$1 per case.

**SCOTCH.**

F.O.S.—A very fine Old Blended Whisky.—\$1 per case.

**LOCHABER.**—A Mellow Old Scotch Whisky with fine flavour.—\$9 per dozen.

**GLENMURRIE.**—A Pure Malt Whisky. Excellent value for the money.—\$7 per dozen.

**G.I.N.**

OLD TOM.—A very fine Sweetened Gin, Bottled expressly for us.—\$8 per dozen.

**KEY BRAND.**—In small White Glass Bottles. The very finest procurable.—\$8 per dozen.

**CHARTREUSE, CURACOA, D.O.M., &c.**

All previous quotations cancelled. The above prices are calculated for a 2/5 Dollar.  
Hongkong, 27th October, 1893.

[38]

**A. S. WATSON & CO., LTD.**

**WE INVITE ATTENTION TO OUR STOCKS**

OF

**CONFECTORY AND CHRISTMAS GOODS.**

**JORDAN ALMONDS, NOUGAT, BUTTER**

**SCOTCH, ASSORTED TOFFEES,**

**DRAESES, PRALINES,**

**and a large selection**

of

**PURE CONFECTORY.**

from the leading Manufacturers.

**CADBURY'S SPECIAL**

**CHOCOLATE CREAMS.**

**PINE, APRICOT, CHERRY, LIME, GUAVA,**

**and other**

**FRUIT JELLIES**

*in great variety.*

**TOM SMITH'S CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.**

**COLOURED OPALS**

**MOUNTED IN PLUSH,**

**representing favourite subjects.**

**A Large Assortment of ENGLISH AND JAPANESE CHRISTMAS CARDS,**

of handsome and artistic designs, suitable to all tastes and at moderate prices.

**A. S. WATSON & CO., LIMITED,**  
The Hongkong Dispensary.  
ESTABLISHED A.D. 1841.

Hongkong, 3rd November, 1893.

[5]

**TO SUBSCRIBERS.**

SUBSCRIBERS TO "THE HONGKONG TELEGRAPH" ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY REMINDED THAT ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

**The Hongkong Telegraph.**

HONGKONG, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1893.

**TELEGRAMS.**

**THE BRITISH MEDITERRANEAN FLEET.**

LONDON, November 7th.

Mr. Gladstone has stated in the House of Commons that the Government is perfectly satisfied as to the capacity and adequacy of our naval forces in the Mediterranean.

**OBITUARY.**

Sir Andrew Clark, the celebrated London physician.

[From "Men of the Time" we gather that Sir Andrew Clark, Bart., M.D., was born on October 28th, 1826, was educated first at Aberdeen, and afterwards at Edinburgh. In the extra-academical Medical School of this city he gained the first medals in anatomy, physiology, chemistry, botany, materia medica, surgery, pathology, and practice of physic. For two years he assisted Dr. Hughes Bennett in the pathological department of the Royal Infirmary, and was demonstrator of anatomy to Dr. Robert Knox in the final course of lectures delivered by that celebrated anatomist. For four years Dr. Clark had charge of the pathological department of the Royal Naval Hospital at Haslar, where he delivered lectures on the use of the microscope in practical medicine. In 1854 he took his degree of M.D. at the University of Aberdeen, settled in the metropolis, became a member of the Royal College of Physicians of London, and was elected on the staff of the London Hospital. In 1858 Dr. Clark was made a Fellow of the College of Physicians.

In which he has held the offices of Croonian and Lumleian Lecturer, Councillor, and Examiner in Medicine, and Censor. He has been also Leismanian Lecturer and President of the Medical Society of London. Dr. Clark originally intended to devote himself exclusively to the cultivation of pathology; but turned by the force of circumstances from the course on which he had entered, he has been now long occupied in the work of a practical physician. He is the author of numerous essays, lectures and reviews, the professional portion of which refers for the most part to diseases of the respiratory, renal, and digestive organs. He was created a Baronet in 1853. He was Senior Physician and Lecturer on Clinical Medicine to the London Hospital, F.R.S., and I.L.D., of Edinburgh and Aberdeen (*causa mortis*). The London Lyric Company, augmented by new talent from London, will make their appearance in Hongkong in March next.

We are informed by the agents (Messrs. Dodwell & Co.) that the "Shire" Line steamer *Flycatcher* left Singapore for this port yesterday, and is due on or about the 14th inst.

DAWSON'S—an exemplification of all that is perfect in Scotch Whisky.

The Director of Public Works left to-day by the *Malwa* for home, on well-earned leave.

DAWSON's Perfection Old Scotch Whisky is not sold under any fictitious name, or brand.

The London Lyric Company, augmented by new talent from London, will make their appearance in Hongkong in March next.

We are informed by the agents (Messrs. Dodwell & Co.) that the "Shire" Line steamer *Flycatcher* left Singapore for this port yesterday, and is due on or about the 14th inst.

DAWSON'S exhibits at the World's Fair, valued at over a million yen in the aggregate, have attracted buyers only to the amount of 80 or 90,000 yen. The balance will probably be re-shipped to Japan.

THE end of the year is already at hand, and the first of the almanacs are coming to remind us how near we are to 1894. Messrs. Kelly and Walsh have issued their well-known "Imperial" "On Tubercular Sputum," "Evidence of the Arrestment of Phthisis;" "Microscopic Disease of the Colon;" "Lectures on the Anatomy of the Lung," "Pneumonia," and "The States of Lung comprehended under the term Phthisis Pulmonalis" (delivered at the Royal College of Physicians in 1865); "Phthisis" (in vol. 1 of the *Transactions of the Clinical Society*); "The Work of Fibrous Pleuritis in the Evolution of Phthisis" (in the *Medical Mirror* for 1870); "Renal Insufficiency;" "The Theory of Asthma;" "Neurasthenia," &c.

**THE MEDITERRANEAN.**

PARIS, November 4th.

The Russian squadron has arrived at Ajaccio, Spain, in massing troops and ships for the Morocco campaign, and England has assembled a fleet of twenty vessels at Gibraltar.

**FRANCE AND GERMANY.**

A German frontier forest guard has killed two French poachers on the neutral ground between the borders.

**LOCAL AND GENERAL.**

DAWSON'S Whisky.

THE U.S.S. *Petrel* arrived at Hakodate on the 27th ult. from the Bering Sea.

CONNOISSEURS prefer Dawson's Perfection Whisky.

THE dismissed German barque *Martha Rockhahn* was towed over from Kowloon Dock this morning, and anchored off East Point.

MR. HENRIK Heston sailed in the homeward mail-day to London direct. He hopes to be in his place in the House of Commons in a month from now.

AN Emergency meeting of Zetland Lodge, No. 525, will be held in Freemason's Hall, Zetland Street, this evening, at 8.30 for 9 o'clock precisely. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.

TO-DAY (9th November) being the birthday of "Tubby" Prince of Wales, several of the German steamers in the harbour "dressed ship." The British Navy does not recognise the gentlemen—never fired a shot nor hung out a flag!

MR. Duarte Ferreira and Mr. Moreira, who accompanied Governor de Boa on his recent arrival to the Court of the Mikado in the capacity of Secretary and Private Secretary respectively, have returned to Macao from Japan. His Excellency, however, is still in the Land of the Rising Sun.

AS will be seen by an advertisement in another column, Mr. D. K. Griffiths has now on sale, at his studio in Duddell Street, a very choice selection of New Year's cards, which need only to be seen to be highly appreciated. Intending purchasers should lose no time in calling at Mr. Griffiths', as the demand is decidedly brisk.

THE friends of Mr. "Charlie" Surgenor, the well-known London actor, agree that they never wish him to better advantage than when photographically exhibited, together with an alleged disbarred order (on London bank), in the show-case of a Yorkshires tattooer. "Charlie" is depicted as wearing his hat and characteristic smile, which might be interpreted as meaning that the care of life sits lightly on his shoulders. We have been favoured with a copy of this photograph, and have to admit that the likeness is excellent, albeit a trifle flattering.

A BRITISH man-of-war's man, intoxicated with something more potent than the mere exuberance of his own verbosity, wandered up Peel Street last night until he arrived at the door of Detective Inspector Quinn's domicile, which he attempted to enter. Although ordered to cut the, the gallant "tar" insisted upon picking up the handle of the big front door, which he will be led him in to Lordbridge Lodge. Rates are high up there, and poor "Jack" had to ante up two shillings of silver before he passed through the gate this morning.

WITH reference to the telegram which we translated from our French contemporaries on Monday, according to which the Spanish forces at Melilla had been defeated by the Moors and General Margallo killed, the Spanish Consul in Hongkong, courteously informs us that the information was not correct; the General was killed, but the operations of the Spanish troops continue to be crowned with success. We are, of course, pleased to receive this official intimation and to correct the error, for which, however, we are in no way responsible. We simply publish the translation as correctly as possible, as an item of news which we are not in a position to verify for ourselves; and of course we are glad to learn that matters are not so bad as represented, and that Spain is still in the ascendancy.

THE rabid religious fanatic Alfred S. Dyer, of social purity renown, doesn't like Lord Frederick Roberts, and has given vent to his feelings in *The Sentinel*, thus—"The savage who returns from the war-path with the greatest number of scalps becomes the hero and the demi-god of his tribe. We also, who boast of our advanced civilization, still display this characteristic tendency of barbarism to glorify the fighting man. And it is in spite of the remarkable successes achieved in recent years by the advocates of arbitration as a method of settling international disputes in accordance with religion and common sense. Lord Roberts has been taunted and lied to by journalists and town-council men, who have written fulsome leading articles in his honour, and presented him with caskets containing the freedom of cities. We do not know what this hero has done to merit so much glory." If Lord Roberts had distinguished himself merely as a friend of the poor, an advocate of peace and goodwill among nations, or an uncompromising champion of righteousness, the newspapers and the public would probably have let him severally slide. In spite of appearance, however, we believe the "diamond of the sword" is on the wane." Now,

the programme of the Christmas Gymkhana Meeting, which is to be held on the Race Course in Happy Valley on the 23rd and 24th of December next, has just been issued. It is to be noted that the Committee responsible for the construction upon the result of their hard-work, criticism, no matter how well-meant, and how well deserved, is never taken kindly upon such occasions as these, so perhaps it is as well to send a word of warning to those who are to be a part of the games.

THE Quarterly Journal of *Inebriety* has an article tending to show that the dispositions of habitual inebriates are invariably worthless, which takes on widely different forms and degrees. The inebriate may have the delusion that his memory is sound and clear, and will unconsciously supply the defects by imagination, and stupidly affirm they are real. He may, by a drowsy intuition, retain a conception of his conduct under certain conditions, especially if he is along automatic lines of previous acts. It may be seriously questioned if any inebriate ever has a sound, clear memory of events that occur during the drink period, and whether interested or not, he is never a safe witness of past events."

IN the good old days of the Sydney "rotter" before stipendiaries were appointed, it was a rule that the *Malwa*, named Love, known as "Bullseye" Love, from the fact that he was always sucking his "sweat" of that name on the bench, used to take his turn quite regularly at the court and dispense fines and penalties with much impetuosity. "How (sic) do you plead (sic)"

THE Delegate—"High professional case, sir?"

THE President—"No, I said Mr. Marshall was merely speaking hypothetically." The Delegate—"Oh, alphabetically. Quite right!" He sat down appreciably relieved.

THE Quarterly Journal of *Inebriety* has an article tending to show that the dispositions of habitual inebriates are invariably worthless, which takes on widely different forms and degrees. The inebriate may have the delusion that his memory is sound and clear, and will unconsciously supply the defects by imagination, and stupidly affirm they are real. He may, by a drowsy intuition, retain a conception of his conduct under certain conditions, especially if he is along automatic lines of previous acts. It may be seriously questioned if any inebriate ever has a sound, clear memory of events that occur during the drink period, and whether interested or not, he is never a safe witness of past events."

THE MARINER AND HIS BAG.

He was a born "son of the sea," a man who ran away from school—and home, to become a sailor. This was thirty odd years ago, and he has since been true to his first love—excepting for "spells" on shore. From a "rouseabout" on his first ship he soon raised himself to a command; that is, soon considering the times of keen competition in which we live. Twelve years ago when the writer first knew him he was running a vessel on a certain Southern coast; the vessel was one of a big fleet and of all the vessels and "skippers" in that big fleet this man and his vessel stood alone. Down there the seas roll on a rocky coast and break back again more like moving mountains than ordinary Eastern seas. He was the most daring dare-devil of them all and when for weeks at a time others of the fleet would be seeking the shelter that B— Bay afforded, he would be running up and down as though the spray which was coating the doggerin with salt was the sign that assured sailors that all was as it should be. He was then in command of a coaster called the "W—," but being transferred into another craft, a "Dutchman" was nominated to succeed him. This "Dutchman" was nominated to succeed him.

THE "Dutchman," envied the reputation which Capt. L—had earned, sought to eclipse him, and disregarding the indications of a coming "Southerly Buster" put out to sea with his decks well awash—Well, that night he "cribb'd" it in "Davy Jones' locker" as did also sixteen of his crew; one man alone was saved to stand as an undeniable evidence of the superior navigating abilities of the Bilton over those of the "Dutchman." This same captain has been in many odd positions since, but what brought back these reminiscences is the fact that he turned up here a few days ago with nothing but an irreproachable record and a bag. And the mate hangs this tale. Hongkong is a small place; "old acquaintances" are few indeed. It is but once formed in a Colonial Government House or elsewhere, is speedily removed. The captain was not long in falling foul of a friend who recommended and introduced him to a very respectable boarding house. Once in comfortable lodgings again the hope

## ALLEGED FORGERY AND FRAUD:

At the Magistracy to-day, before Mr. W. C. H. Hastings, Wong Ming, Wong Un, and Wong Tso were charged, first with unlawfully and fraudulently altering and uttering an altered bill of exchange on the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation for \$1,000; and also with being concerned in the forgery. Mr. H. L. Dennis defended the prisoners.

William Reid, clerk in the H. & S. Bank, in charge of the draft department, stated that yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock, one of the Bank assistants brought to him the document in court, which had been tendered for payment. It purported to be a bill of exchange numbered 242, but on referring to the register witness found that No. 242 had been paid. Then on closer examination he found that the figures had been altered, and had originally been 142; and the register showed No. 141 had been paid on the same day of last year. The date on the bill now presented had also been altered from 20th September, 1892 to 1893. This was a "first of exchange," the second was the one which had been paid, and it was now produced in court.

By Mr. Dennis:—The genuine No. 242 was paid yesterday.

At the request of the police, the case was remanded until the 13th inst. at 11 a.m. The three prisoners were allowed out on bail of \$2,000 each, which they deposited promptly.

## THE VOYAGE OF THE "BEAGLE"

It is now some two years since the Australian yacht *Beagle*, nominally owned by a couple of unscrupulous scoundrels passing under the names of Bell and Davis, and in command of a Captain Gill, weighed anchor in the waters of Port Phillip, Melbourne, and with spreading canvas stood out for the blue Pacific. The "owners," Messrs. Bell and Davis (the latter rejoicing in the alias of Douglas), were on board, of course, as was also bullion to the extent of \$30,000, plunder which they had swindled from one of the Antipodean Building Societies. Two keen-witted rogues, with an unlimited supply of ready money at their command, had not long to wait in Southern waters before recruiting a crew which would carry out their programme albeit (under the rose) all was supposed to be right and light. Captain Gill, now a well-to-do man in Australia, credited with having been ignorant of the *Beagle*'s purpose, was engaged to navigate the *Beagle* across the Pacific, the first port of call to be Honolulu; and his chief mate was a man named Perry, who is at present in Hongkong and from whom we have been able to glean a few particulars of the doings of Messrs. Bell and Davis after they left the capital of Hawaii. It is quite unnecessary to state that the amount of credence that we would, under ordinary circumstances, place in Mr. Perry's statements would take a fairly powerful microscope to discern, but we give them as we got them, for if they do not form a link in the chain of evidence that should some day be wound round the two prime movers in this big scheme, they at least make tolerable reading. Mr. Perry speaks very openly of the enterprise in which he claims he was an innocent agent and denounces it, and the worthies who conceived it, as terms more forcible than polite.

the throne." She had cajoled and extorted from him £7000 before he ventured to kick, and then the French and English secret police put their heads together and decided that the career of Amelia Harris must be brought to a close.

Evidence of criminal practices sufficient to obtain her under the English law penal servitude for life was laboriously collected and submitted to her when she was finally found. Amelia had grown comparatively rich, and she shuddered at the thought of hard prison life. The evidence in the possession of the police thoroughly frightened her and she capitulated.

The police were prepared to arrest and prosecute her, but only as a last and desperate resource. Their chief concern was to avoid publicity, and consequently to the adventurress were conceded the honors of war. She merely signed a full confession and surrendered all the documents in her possession in consideration of being allowed to leave the country with her golden spoils.

CITY OF MEXICO, October 8th.  
Mall advices to-day from San Cristóbal state that a few nights ago General Manuel Escobedo, at one time Governor of Chiapas and at present a Senator, was assassinated by unknown parties who fired from the street.

MADRID, October 9th.  
Abbe Lerchundi, Superior of the Franciscan order in Tangier, had a long conference with the Spanish Foreign Minister to-day, and will return to Africa to-morrow with secret instructions from the Government. Five Franciscan brothers acquainted with the Moorish language and customs have already gone to Melilla to act as chaplains to the Spanish troops. Abbe Lerchundi says that the Moors authorities in Tangier and Fez disapprove the action of the Kabyles. The outbreak of the tribesmen is attributed to the intrigues of the notorious Moorish agitator, Maymon.

HAMBURG, October 10th.  
Another fatal riot occurred last night in St. Paul, a suburb of this city, growing out of the attempts of the sanitary officers to enforce the regulations for the prevention of the spread of cholera. As in the previous riot, when a policeman was brutally kicked and stamped to death, the scene of last night's trouble was in one of the districts of the city inhabited entirely by the poor and ignorant classes, who seem to have a horror of being compelled to observe cleanliness and the ordinary sanitary regulations.

When the sanitary officers attempted to put extraordinary regulations in force trouble at once resulted. The sanitary officers were accompanied by policemen, but the presence of the latter had no effect upon the violence of the mob that quickly gathered when it became known that the sanitary officers were about. The mob made a descent in force upon the police, storming them and using clubs. The policemen were unable to quell the rising, in fact they could make no attempt to do so, being compelled to fight desperately to protect themselves from the fury of the rioters. While some of the mob thus engaged the police, others devoted themselves to a furious onslaught upon the sanitary officers. One of the latter was captured by the mob. His comrades could make no attempt to rescue him, as they had all they could do to defend themselves. The officer in the hands of the mob was struck on the head with a large stone and knocked to the ground. Then the mob jumped on him and kicked him about the head and body until life was extinct. In the mean time the crowd had succeeded in knocking a policeman down, and he too soon met his death. The rioters, with fiendish delight, kicked his face until it was pulp. Even after he was dead some of the mob danced upon his body. The fight was waged desperately, with the odds in favour of the mob, when a detachment of troops who had been hastily despatched to the scene arrived. The officer in command of the troops ordered the mob to disperse, but they paid no attention to the command and continued their attack upon the policemen and sanitary officers. An order was given for the troops to fix bayonets and to charge the mob. With bayonets lowered they moved forward on the double quick, and the rioters, seeing the bristling wall of steel advancing upon them, attempted to disperse in short order. They ran in every direction, save in the direction of the troops, and disappeared in alleys and the doorways of the tumbledown tenements with which the district is filled. Many of them, however, were not quick enough to escape the police, who began to chase them the moment they saw the crowd beginning to break up. At least a dozen of the mob were arrested. The bodies of the policemen and the sanitary officers were taken to the police station.

NY, October 10th.  
Advices from Rome are to the effect that the Pope has completed the preparation of the encyclical upon which he has been engaged for several weeks and in which he impresses upon Roman Catholics the necessity of earnest devotion to the "Most Holy Rosary." The document will rank among the most important issued by the Pope in several years.

It is announced that the Consistory which was to have been held during the first week in December has been indefinitely postponed owing to the fact that all the documents relating to matters to be considered by the body, including those having reference to the nomination of archbishops and bishops, were destroyed by the recent fire in the Castiglioni Palace, in which the Papal auditor, Archibishop Yanzi, had his office and residential apartments.

#### A DAY AT DARLINGHURST GAOL.

The great iron gate moved constantly to and fro, it was opened and shut every minute; but never for a moment, except when one was passing in or out, was it left unlocked. The gate-keeper handled the polished steel bolts and the well-tempered locks with the ease of a practised hand, neither did he grumble at the frequency of the applications for admission, for it was the dinner hour, and the dinner hour at Darlinghurst is always a busy time. There are many living in the gaol who are allowed to receive their meals from outside—the confined who are merely sentenced to imprisonment without the inflictions involved in the words "hard labour," and the debtors who are detained by the Sheriff in the hope that they will one day be able to pay what the Court has adjudged to them. These people may, if they choose, eat their own food and wear their own clothes, and are thus far above the level of the ordinary prisoner. Then there are the warders, who, like the rest of mankind, must eat and drink, and so it happens that between 12 and 1 there is a constant stream of messengers, each carrying a basket or a bundle, or it may be a plate tied up in a towel, after the manner common to working men's wives who have to send their husbands' dinner out. As to the contents of the bundles, one knows not, except the warders forbear to pry into them as they are often taken away by a prisoner who acts as postman for the occasion. All this occurs on the aerial space, which forms a sort of vestibule to the great gaol, between the two massive gates, one of which leads into the prison yard, and the free public street. On the one side liberty, on the other gaolence, and the people who come and go with the dinners never pass the forbidden inner portal, neither do they see the persons for whom they are caring. There come little boys and girls, who, by right ought to know nothing of prison life, waifs from neighbouring schools, and occasionally, most pitiful of all, prisoners' girls, still watchful for the welfare of the absent.

one inside. As I sit there, a well, if cheaply, clad lady enters; her plain print dress sits with an air of refinement, she moves gracefully, and one feels rather than knows her sad history. Even the warders crowded round the gate stand respectfully silent as she deposits her poor little brown paper bundle on the table and goes out, without a word. They know who it is; for there is no need to ask questions, for three times daily—morning, noon, and night—she makes the same errand, and she cannot even afford a basket or cloth in which to wrap the humble meal. The clock turns again without so much as a creak, the gate swings silently on its hinges, and she passes out onto the sunlit street, free—if you choose to call such a life freedom.

It is cool inside this well-guarded portal; the great stone walls shut out the heat of the street, and it is comfortable to sit on a high stool such as the warder uses and watch the goings and comings. The place is clean in the true sense of the word. It is not the cleanliness known to the average housewife, she is ever so careful, but the cleanliness which one only meets with on board a man-of-war—or in a gaol. The flags, though now and again both the gates are open, and carts pass in and out, are spotless; the walls shine with paint and whitewash, the steel bolts on the gate are like silver, every scrap of brass is as gold, and even the little whistle which hangs up ready to sound an alarm has not been neglected. Nothing, in fact, is ever neglected in a well-managed gaol, where labour is plentiful and discipline enforced with a strictness impossible in a community of free men. The little waiting-room to the left, bare and uncomfortable, is polished up with the same care, the only decorations being the framed notices over the mantelpiece. Whilst I wait, I have plenty of time to learn that prisoners on three holidays in the year, Christmas Day, Queen's Birthday and Easter Sunday, are allowed certain indulgences. For instance, they may receive presents of food or other articles from their friends, or if they have money, they may purchase goods not exceeding in value 5s. Thus they may get 1lb. of meat, 1lb. of bread, tea, tobacco, butter, and so on, with whom to have a really good feast. It is still more interesting to learn that even ministers of religion are not always isolated, for clerical gentlemen, visiting the gaol for the first time, are warned that they must not abuse the regulations by taking things in to prisoners, or otherwise acting as intermediaries between the incarcerated and their friends outside.

It is easy enough to pass the outer gates and to learn all this; but it is by no means so easy to pass the inner gate and to enter the gaol proper. Only those with satisfactory credentials are allowed through, although there is still another barred doorway before the prison can be reached. The intermediate place is gay with flowers and carefully tended grass plots. Green things in a gaol may seem out of place; but Darlinghurst, to the credit of the authorities, is a regular garden in summer, and the monotony of the heavy stone walls and barred windows is relieved by this touch of nature, wholesome and refreshing even to the eyes of the most hardened criminal. Inside the great wall are the offices, where many clerks are constantly at work, posting up the complicated records of the prison; the warders' quarters, and then, across the way, the Governor's private residence, which stands by itself in the centre of the inclosure. Like everything else in the place, it is solid, built of stone, but otherwise there is nothing remarkable about it. Though there are additions here and there, readily distinguishable by the finer character of the work, the greater part of the structure was built by convicts over 50 years ago, and the traces left by the workers may still be seen. For some unexplained reason nearly all the stones in that part of the old wall which is still left standing are marked with roughly-hewn initials or numbers, or distinguishing signs of some kind or another, many of which appear on the outer as well as the inner side of the wall.

A low gateway, barred and guarded by yet another Cerberus, leads into the prison. A smell of burning asphalt is in the air, for men are at work improving the paths with *val-de-travers*, or laying down those octagonal blocks which we see around the Post Office. And curiously enough the blocks used are the very ones which once formed the wide plaza in Martin-place, a plaza which, as every one knows, was torn up to make room for a carriage-way. Thus, while one part of the city has suffered, another, and almost equally frequented place, has benefited. I need say nothing here about the peculiar manner in which Darlinghurst has sprung into vogue lately. Bankers and financial authorities have flocked to its portals; and, as I enter, one of the leading figures in a recent *caisse d'épargne* is hurriedly conversing through a little window with his wife. She had been permitted to talk to him from the other side of the wall, though a warder is present the whole time, and the brevity of the interview necessitated rapid communication. A kindly official allows him to wear a great coat over his prison garb, and the lady looking through the window cannot see the coarse-stamped canvas trousers which are visible beneath the outer garment. There have been strange scenes here of late—women crying and fainting, tearful farewells, and utter breakdowns—to the great perplexity of the warders, who know well how to cope with a strong man, but are totally unable to accomplish that most difficult of all tasks—the management of a hysterical woman. Inside everything is well ordered and quiet; groups of prisoners move about attending to their duties; some are washing clothes and blankets, and a spirit of refinement has led them to improvise a mangal out of a piece of wood and a stone. The garment to be dried will be wrapped round a little wooden roller, and the heavily-laden board passed back and forths over it. Only prison garb could stand such treatment.

In Darlinghurst all roads, instead of leading to Rome, lead to the church, which is of many denominations. The "Te Deum" rolls vigorously from the windows as we pass, awakening the echoes all around, and sounding strangely out of place. "It is only the choir practising," says my guide, as we enter. The older wings of the prison, I may remark, all diverge from one spot, and the church, a round stone building, forms the centre. Bridges from the different wards lead into the place of worship, and the women, who enter direct from their own quarters, occupy the gallery. No less than four denominations use the building, the Church of England, the Roman Catholic, the Wesleyan, and the Presbyterian. All of these worship by turns on Sunday, and on one other day of the week, so that almost always there is a service or else choir practice going on. Seated at the harmonium is a tall, red-haired man, clad in the hospital garb of blue, which distinguishes him from his fellows, who wear only the canvas trousses and the shapeless jacket of the common prisoner. He is a good musician, this man, he handles his instrument well, and his choir sings tolerably if a trifle too vigorously. The men seem to enjoy the music; it is a change from the dullness of prison routine.

The library also takes one away from the atmosphere of a gaol. It is a well-lined room, there are over a thousand volumes placed at the disposal of the prisoners, though the selection is but limited. Fiction, probably from a mistaken idea of its harmfulness, is rigorously excluded, though there are bound magazines, works of travel, histories, biographies, and other books, supplied to be entirely innocuous in their character. Each prisoner is allowed to take out two books, and occasionally, most pitiful of all, a prisoner's wife, still watchful for the welfare of the absent,

weekly, which he reads during the short space of daylight at his disposal. Of course the volumes get roughly handled sometimes, but as they are strong, if plainly bound by the prison craftsmen, they stand a good deal of wear. Beyond the library extend the various wings of the prison, those used by the females being entirely secluded, and in charge only of strong-armed female warders. The confinements few shirts and do fancy embroidery, but their life is a life apart from the rest of the inmates. There are only some 90 women here; the place is clean and wholesome, and they seem as comfortable as their compulsory incarceration will permit.

The great bulk of the establishment lies elsewhere. There are many wards, differing somewhat in outside appearance, but inside one is much like the other. The same long white-washed passage, with the same iron-barred cells leading off it. Most of the prisoners are out in the yards exercising, or in the shops at work, the bedding is neatly folded up and placed in a corner, and there is not a trace of disorder anywhere. Here and there, though, in a single cell, one comes across a man at work, making cabbage-tree hats, or picking oakum. He stands to attention as the warder enters, and shows the little task which he has in hand. These are the prisoners dealt with under the separation system; men under the age of 25 who are kept apart from their fellows and work out their short sentence in solitude. One could write a great deal about this separation system, as applied in our gaols. It has many points to commend it, especially in the case of the youthful, who are kept apart from the contaminating presence of the older gaol-birds. In the absence of the much-needed reformatory for boys, the young fellows under 16, sentenced to terms of imprisonment of less than six months, are kept in solitude, the only time when they see each other being at exercise, or when they are receiving instruction from the schoolmaster. In the same way prisoners sentenced to terms of three years and upwards have to work out the first nine months of their sentence in solitude; but as a sufficient number of single cells is not available, most of these persons are transferred to Bevin, Goulburn, or other country gaols. There are only about 50 single cells at Darlinghurst, the remainder being known as associated cells, where three prisoners sleep. In accordance with a rule adopted all over the world, it is always either one or three in a cell, two men are never put together. Generally, the cells are furnished with hammocks, which fasten to hooks in the walls, and make comfortable couches; in others mattresses are laid on the floor, or on boards. By way of variety there are padded cells, liberally lined with upholstered leather, used for lunatics or other violent characters, and dark cells where the blackness can be felt, needed for recalcitrant prisoners.

In the E. wing, the largest and newest building, are the condemned cells, fortunately unused of late. Stepping out of a little doorway, we came on to an open balcony, and I found, to my surprise, that it was actually on the drop. Once, in the preyness of a winter's morning, I looked up from below, and saw a man standing there. In a moment he was gone from this life, and only the gruesome record on the beam above shows that he ever existed. They paint, on the beam above, the names of those to whom this scaffold has brought respite from the world's woes. "A great wave of pain," said my guide, who was a practical hard-headed prison official. I did not think; I looked at the list with interest. It begins in 1872 and ends in 1889, when the last execution took place, and between these dates there are the names of 17 men and one woman. The Mount Renou murderers are not included, for they were dealt with in a separate part of the prison.

In the E. wing, the largest and newest building, are the condemned cells, fortunately unused of late. Stepping out of a little doorway, we came on to an open balcony, and I found, to my surprise, that it was actually on the drop. Once, in the preyness of a winter's morning, I looked up from below, and saw a man standing there. In a moment he was gone from this life, and only the gruesome record on the beam above shows that he ever existed. They paint, on the beam above, the names of those to whom this scaffold has brought respite from the world's woes. "A great wave of pain," said my guide, who was a practical hard-headed prison official. I did not think; I looked at the list with interest. It begins in 1872 and ends in 1889, when the last execution took place, and between these dates there are the names of 17 men and one woman. The Mount Renou murderers are not included, for they were dealt with in a separate part of the prison.

In the E. wing, the largest and newest building, are the condemned cells, fortunately unused of late. Stepping out of a little doorway, we came on to an open balcony, and I found, to my surprise, that it was actually on the drop. Once, in the preyness of a winter's morning, I looked up from below, and saw a man standing there. In a moment he was gone from this life, and only the gruesome record on the beam above shows that he ever existed. They paint, on the beam above, the names of those to whom this scaffold has brought respite from the world's woes. "A great wave of pain," said my guide, who was a practical hard-headed prison official. I did not think; I looked at the list with interest. It begins in 1872 and ends in 1889, when the last execution took place, and between these dates there are the names of 17 men and one woman. The Mount Renou murderers are not included, for they were dealt with in a separate part of the prison.

In the E. wing, the largest and newest building, are the condemned cells, fortunately unused of late. Stepping out of a little doorway, we came on to an open balcony, and I found, to my surprise, that it was actually on the drop. Once, in the preyness of a winter's morning, I looked up from below, and saw a man standing there. In a moment he was gone from this life, and only the gruesome record on the beam above shows that he ever existed. They paint, on the beam above, the names of those to whom this scaffold has brought respite from the world's woes. "A great wave of pain," said my guide, who was a practical hard-headed prison official. I did not think; I looked at the list with interest. It begins in 1872 and ends in 1889, when the last execution took place, and between these dates there are the names of 17 men and one woman. The Mount Renou murderers are not included, for they were dealt with in a separate part of the prison.

In the E. wing, the largest and newest building, are the condemned cells, fortunately unused of late. Stepping out of a little doorway, we came on to an open balcony, and I found, to my surprise, that it was actually on the drop. Once, in the preyness of a winter's morning, I looked up from below, and saw a man standing there. In a moment he was gone from this life, and only the gruesome record on the beam above shows that he ever existed. They paint, on the beam above, the names of those to whom this scaffold has brought respite from the world's woes. "A great wave of pain," said my guide, who was a practical hard-headed prison official. I did not think; I looked at the list with interest. It begins in 1872 and ends in 1889, when the last execution took place, and between these dates there are the names of 17 men and one woman. The Mount Renou murderers are not included, for they were dealt with in a separate part of the prison.

In the E. wing, the largest and newest building, are the condemned cells, fortunately unused of late. Stepping out of a little doorway, we came on to an open balcony, and I found, to my surprise, that it was actually on the drop. Once, in the preyness of a winter's morning, I looked up from below, and saw a man standing there. In a moment he was gone from this life, and only the gruesome record on the beam above shows that he ever existed. They paint, on the beam above, the names of those to whom this scaffold has brought respite from the world's woes. "A great wave of pain," said my guide, who was a practical hard-headed prison official. I did not think; I looked at the list with interest. It begins in 1872 and ends in 1889, when the last execution took place, and between these dates there are the names of 17 men and one woman. The Mount Renou murderers are not included, for they were dealt with in a separate part of the prison.

In the E. wing, the largest and newest building, are the condemned cells, fortunately unused of late. Stepping out of a little doorway, we came on to an open balcony, and I found, to my surprise, that it was actually on the drop. Once, in the preyness of a winter's morning, I looked up from below, and saw a man standing there. In a moment he was gone from this life, and only the gruesome record on the beam above shows that he ever existed. They paint, on the beam above, the names of those to whom this scaffold has brought respite from the world's woes. "A great wave of pain," said my guide, who was a practical hard-headed prison official. I did not think; I looked at the list with interest. It begins in 1872 and ends in 1889, when the last execution took place, and between these dates there are the names of 17 men and one woman. The Mount Renou murderers are not included, for they were dealt with in a separate part of the prison.

In the E. wing, the largest and newest building, are the condemned cells, fortunately unused of late. Stepping out of a little doorway, we came on to an open balcony, and I found, to my surprise, that it was actually on the drop. Once, in the preyness of a winter's morning, I looked up from below, and saw a man standing there. In a moment he was gone from this life, and only the gruesome record on the beam above shows that he ever existed. They paint, on the beam above, the names of those to whom this scaffold has brought respite from the world's woes. "A great wave of pain," said my guide, who was a practical hard-headed prison official. I did not think; I looked at the list with interest. It begins in 1872 and ends in 1889, when the last execution took place, and between these dates there are the names of 17 men and one woman. The Mount Renou murderers are not included, for they were dealt with in a separate part of the prison.

In the E. wing, the largest and newest building, are the condemned cells, fortunately unused of late. Stepping out of a little doorway, we came on to an open balcony, and I found, to my surprise, that it was actually on the drop. Once, in the preyness of a winter's morning, I looked up from below, and saw a man standing there. In a moment he was gone from this life, and only the gruesome record on the beam above shows that he ever existed. They paint, on the beam above, the names of those to whom this scaffold has brought respite from the world's woes. "A great wave of pain," said my guide, who was a practical hard-headed prison official. I did not think; I looked at the list with interest. It begins in 1872 and ends in 1889, when the last execution took place, and between these dates there are the names of 17 men and one woman. The Mount Renou murderers are not included, for they were dealt with in a separate part of the prison.

In the E. wing, the largest and newest building, are the condemned cells, fortunately unused of late. Stepping out of a little doorway, we came on to an open balcony, and I found, to my surprise, that it was actually on the drop. Once, in the preyness of a winter's morning, I looked up from below, and saw a man standing there. In a moment he was gone from this life, and only the gruesome record on the beam above shows that he ever existed. They paint, on the beam above, the names of those to whom this scaffold has brought respite from the world's woes. "A great wave of pain," said my guide, who was a practical hard-headed prison official. I did not think; I looked at the list with interest. It begins in 1872 and ends in 1889, when the last execution took place, and between these dates there are the names of 17 men and one woman. The Mount Renou murderers are not included, for they were dealt with in a separate part of the prison.

In the E. wing, the largest and newest building, are the condemned cells, fortunately unused of late. Stepping out of a little doorway, we came on to an open balcony, and I found, to my surprise, that it was actually on the drop. Once, in the preyness of a winter's morning, I looked up from below, and saw a man standing there. In a moment he was gone from this life, and only the gruesome record on the beam above shows that he ever existed. They paint, on the beam above, the names of those to whom this scaffold has brought respite from the world's woes. "A great wave of pain," said my guide, who was a practical hard-headed prison official. I did not think; I looked at the list with interest. It begins in 1872 and ends in 1889, when the last execution took place, and between these dates there are the names of 17 men and one woman. The Mount Renou murderers are not included, for they were dealt with in a separate part of the prison.

In the E. wing, the largest and newest building, are the condemned cells, fortunately unused of late. Stepping out of a little doorway, we came on to an open balcony, and I found, to my surprise, that it was actually on the drop. Once, in the preyness of a winter's morning, I looked up from below, and saw a man standing there. In a moment he was gone from this life, and only the gruesome record on the beam above shows that he ever existed. They paint, on the beam above, the names of those to whom this scaffold has brought respite from the world's woes. "A great wave of pain," said my guide, who was a practical hard-headed prison official. I did not think; I looked at the list with interest. It begins in 1872 and ends in 1889, when the last execution took place, and between these dates there are the names of 17 men and one woman. The Mount Renou murderers are not included, for they were dealt with in a separate part of the prison.

In the E. wing, the largest and newest building, are the condemned cells, fortunately unused of late. Stepping out of a little doorway, we came on to an open balcony, and I found, to my surprise, that it was actually on the drop. Once, in the preyness of a winter's morning, I looked up from below,

